

COLEMAN MINER

AND CARBONDALE ADVOCATE

Volume 2, No. 40.

Coleman, Alberta, Friday, October 8, 1909.

\$2 00 Yearly

W. L. Bridgeford

"THE PALM"

Plums in Abundance

Call for
a cool,
refreshing,
exquisite,
invigorating,
unintoxicating,
drink of —

Soda Water

Pastime
Pool Room

Is the place to spend
your leisure hours. All
admit that more pleasure
is derived from a game of
Pool or Billiards than any
other indoor amusement.

We stock the highest
grades of imported Cigars
and Cigarettes. Our line
of Pipes, Tobaccos and
smokers sundries is com-
plete.

We solicit a share of
your patronage.

Alex. Morrison & Co.

Some "Ifs" If you come
our way we will send
overflowing values your way. If you
leave with us it means ex-
changing the money for its equivalent
in jewelry certainties. What we give is
you will be as sound and genuine as
the moon. If you are a careful
spender this store will appear to you
as the best of economy. If you're
anxious to secure goods which aren't
afraid of the closest scrutiny this is a
good place to come. It is a good place
to come to for every reason that
makes one store better than another.
Glad to greet you at any time.

Alex. Cameron

Watchmake, Optician
and Issuer of Marriage Licenses

E. Disney
Contractor and Builder

Brick, Lime, Hard Wall
Plaster, Coast Flooring,
Mouldings, Doors and
Windows always on
hand.

Lumber of all Kinds

ARTHUR C. KEMMIS.

Barrister, Notary Public.
Solicitor for Union Bank of
Canada, Pincher Creek and
Cowley.

PHONE 57. PINCHER CREEK, ALTA.

F. H. SHERMAN
CALLED HOME

A Great Labor Leader Passes
Away at Fernie—Bright's
Disease Cause of Death

Frank H. Sherman, late president of district 18, United Mine Workers of America, died in the hospital at Fernie at 5:30 a.m. on Monday from bright's disease. He had been in failing health for some months, but only entered the hospital two weeks ago. The deceased was born in Gloucestershire, Eng., on May 10, 1880, and was therefore in his forty-first year when his earthly career was ended after days of extreme suffering from that dread malady. In his early years he drifted to South Wales, where he entered the coal mines in the celebrated Rhondda Valley and became a coal miner. His education was necessarily scanty, but he made the most of his opportunities and his influence was felt among all men with whom he became associated. It was because of his active part in the great strike of the coal miners of 1890 that he came to America.

He was soon made aware that he was a marked man among the coal operators, and as a result he landed in the Crow's Nest Pass coal field in May, 1903, a year after the great Coal Creek explosion, and was first employed as a mine in the mines at Morrissey, afterwards becoming the first checkweighman at that place upon the inauguration of that system in this province. After the organization of the United Mine Workers of America, he became first elective president of District 18, a position which he held through successive elections.

Mr. Sherman was in his earlier days a local preacher in connection with the Methodist church and thought seriously of studying for the ministry of that church. In the mines some of his associates tried to induce him to join them in drinking, but he resisted their persuasions and remained a temperate man, and was often heard to express his regrets at the waste of manhood and of money in over-indulgence of some of his working associates.

During recent years Mr. Sherman had been a political candidate in Fernie, Pincher Creek, Lethbridge, and Calgary as a Labor and Socialist candidate, but was never successful. The end was not unexpected, and his wife and family were at his bedside at the last moment. Mr. Sherman leaves a large family, including a blind boy, in straitened circumstances, and his death is deeply regretted by a large circle of friends which render him highly esteemed by the organization of which he was so long a leader.

The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon from Miner's Hall, Fernie, and was very largely attended, including quite a number from Coleman and other towns of the Pass.

ANOTHER FRACAS IN SLAV TOWN

The police were hurriedly called to the home of Mike Matka and Joe Yauito last Wednesday night, when a bloody fight was taking place. Both men had been drinking heavily earlier in the evening and as a result Yauito reviled an old feud, that had existed between himself and Matka.

Messrs. E. Price and J. R. Crawford

are commencing the business of buying and selling Pianos and Organs.

They have a few instruments on hand

and may be seen in the old Sample Room, Central Avenue. Address letters: Box 11, Coleman, Alberta.

It is a pleasure to have a company

which not only comes up to expectations as posted by advance notices, but which, if anything,

far surpasses all anticipations, such a

company is the "Juvenile Bostonians."

Deseret News, Salt Lake City.

The next session of the Supreme Court which will take place at Macleod on Nov. 8th, promises to be a very busy one. Twenty-two criminal cases, to await the deliberation of that tribunal, have already been booked.

There is one murder case to be dealt with.

COLEMAN SCHOOL REPORT

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of attendance 70%.

Samuel Acheson
Principal

COLEMAN JOTTINGS

Happenings of interest in and
Around This Bustling Town.

You Are Talked About

Inspector Belcher, of R.N.W.M.P.,
is in town.

D. A. Ferguson came down from
Fernie on Monday.

Thomas Watt of Regina was a visi-
tor in town on Monday.

C. F. Lovd, of the Winnipeg Tele-
gram, was in town on Monday.

Bryon E. Sharp, the well-known
Spokane broker, came to town on
Monday.

G. W. Wood, the San Francisco
Opera Co.'s forerunner, was in town
on Wednesday.

James McNeill returned from
Seattle on Tuesday where Mrs. Mc-
Neill underwent an operation.

Frank W. Healy, proprietor of the
San Francisco Opera Co., was a pleasant
caller at the office yesterday.

Rev. T. M. Murray's subject for
Sunday evening next is "A Woman's
Love." Women especially invited.

The man Bowman who had one of his
feet badly crushed at the mine last
week, had it amputated on Sun-

Do not forget the grand smoker
which will be given in the opera house
here on Saturday (tomorrow) night
by Coleman Aerie of F. O. E.

J. Hawley and C. Robinson will
fight fifteen rounds on the 18th in the
Coleman Opera house. A thousand
pounds already are up in even bets.

The Juvenile Bostonians will appear in
the opera house here on Saturday,
November 13th, under the auspices of
Coleman Lodge No. 36, I.O.O.F.

Men can be found who are willing to
go to Africa as missionaries who
are willing to take care of
themselves for the tired wife for half an
hour.

Lola Badon died at her home here
on Wednesday evening last of typhoid
fever, aged 18 years. Funeral took
place from the Institutional church
yesterday.

M. J. McGrath and John A. Gillis,
two important men in the developing
work of the Carbon Hill and Mc-
Gillivray Creek Coal Companies, were
pleasant callers at this office on Sat-
urday last.

A barber shop has just been opened
up in the Pastime Pool room under
the management of A. M. Morrison.

Mr. Morrison has secured the services
of Arthur Scarlett, of Frank, who is a
talented artist.

Do not forget the box social to be
given in the I. O. O. F. Lodge room
under the auspices of Coleman Victoria
Rebkeh Lodge, No. 7, on Thanksgiving
day, Oct. 23rd. Ladies are requested to
bring lunch boxes. Everybody welcome.

Howard Douglas and R. Riddle
passed through here on Wednesday
with a shipment of thirty head of
buffalo from Montana to the National
Park, Alberta where they will rejoin
their ninety comrades who passed
through here on July 1st last.

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INDUCTION SERVICE

Rev. T. M. Murray Made Pastor
of Coleman Presbyterian

Big Attendance

The Presbytery of Macleod met at
Coleman on Wednesday, 18th October,
to consider a call from the
Session of Coleman. Rev. T. M.
Murray, the minister present were
Rev. A. M. Gordon of Lethbridge, A.
Walker of Macleod, W. Aitcheson of
Pincher Creek, G. Hamilton of Cow-
ley, J. McNeill of Blairmore, and Mr.
Hawley. The call was unanimous
having the signatures of almost 200
persons. After consideration by the
Presbytery the call was unanimously
sustained and arrangements concluded
for the induction to take place at 8 p.m.
At the hour appointed a very
large congregation assembled, Rev.
Aitcheson presided as moderator, and
preached an excellent discourse on
Matthew 13, chap 7, 24. "The hidden
and the unhidden Christ." After Mr.
Murray had answered the usual questions
in the affirmative he was asked if he
had any objection to the sermon of Rev.
Mr. Walker, of Macleod, on his duties
as pastor of the Church. He was fol-
lowed by Mr. Gordon, who addressed the
congregation on their duties towards
their pastor. Both addresses were very interesting and were heard by
the congregation with rapt attention.

Mr. Murray has been a missionary
at Coleman for the last four and a half
years, coming when it was a mere
hamlet and the congregation very few
in numbers. Since then, like a true
pastor he has gathered the present
congregation together. He has built, with
the hearty co-operation of the people,
the building in which now worship, a
manse, a parsonage, a schoolroom, and an
institutional church. The latter building
is supplied with a reading room
and meets the wants of young men
employed in the mines and others.

The congregation, the parsonage, the
manse, the schoolroom, and the
institutional church, all are practically
completed. The grading of the bed for the
electric line from the mine mouth to
the branch of the C. P. R. at a distance
of two miles, is now practically
completed and the laying of the rails is
proceeding. In the meantime the
company is teaming about 100 tons of
coal daily to the C. P. R. line for
shipment in order to remove the
obstruction for the workings in the
development of the property.

"With the completion of the new
electric line to connect with the C. P.
R." said Mr. Haldane, "the manage-
ment of the McGillivray Creek Coal &
Coke company expects to deliver to
the C. P. R. 600 tons daily for ship-
ment. This will be accomplished by an
early date in December and on Jan.
1 the company intends com-
mencing the cutting of a low level
tunnel which will allow of a second
electric line being put in place that
will make it possible for the mine
mouth to be linked with the C. P. R.
line by a second electric line, the
length of which will be only 500 yards.

Consequently, with two lines in
operation, an early date in
spring, the company will be in a position
to make very heavy shipments.

"At Blairmore the most optimistic
feeling is evinced," continued Mr.
Haldane, "and many new buildings
are under construction, while a most
modern cement plant that will have a
capacity of 500 barrels daily and at
which 75 men will be employed from
the start has just been erected. Brick
works and lime quarries have also
been started in Blairmore recently.

It is expected that a good market for
the brick and cement will be found in
Spokane and the country adjacent to
that city."

A solo entitled "Yes I shall see him
face to face," was beautifully rendered
during the service by Mrs. McCaulay.

Through the kindness of the ladies
refreshments were served at the con-
clusion of the service.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Many will regret to learn that J. F.
Povall and W. G. Norrie have resigned
their positions with the McGillivray
Creek Coal & Coke Co.

Mr. Morrison has secured the services
of Mr. Joblett as general manager while
the latter was mine surveyor, and were both great acquisitions to
the Pass.

Mr. and Mrs. James Pugh and their
little daughter Nella left on Saturday
last for Montreal where they embarked
on the White Star line steamer,

Megantic, on the 14th, for their home
in Birken, Mon., England, after spending
two pleasant months in the visiting

friends at Coleman and other places
in Canada.

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Like Calgary on the main line Cowley
is the last stop east of the mountains
on the Crow's Nest, suitable for a
large town or city. Pincher Creek
being off the railway several miles in
the country, is out of the race. Several
railways have been surveyed, all
passing through or near the town,
making it a future railway centre and
we look forward to the time when

Pincher Creek will be a decent sized

suburb to the city of Cowley—Leth-

bridge Herald.

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GREAT THINGS
ARE IN STORE

W. R. Haldane of Nelson Visits
Coleman—Says Optimistic

Feeling Evinced

W. R. Haldane, general freight
agent of the C. P. R. in Nelson, B.C.,
district, who has just returned to that
city after an official tour along this
line, when interviewed by the Nelson
Daily News said in part:

From Fernie Mr. Haldane went to
Clement and Thorne to Blairmore. In
the former city he went over the
plant of the McGillivray Creek Coal &
Coke company, which plant, he says,
is one of the most up-to-date in the
interior. Buildings which will serve as
offices and machine shops have been
recently erected, while a cement
foundation for the tipple is now in
place. The grading of the bed for the
electric line from the mine mouth to
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FERNIE'S COKE OVENS

GREAT PLANT IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE WEST.

Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. Has Four Hundred and Fifty Ovens Where Coal Dust or Slack Is Turned Into Valuable Coke—Russians and Slavs Attend to the Furnaces and Manage to Get Rich on Their Wages.

As the eastern-bound filer, with clanging bell and snorting smoke-stack, glides swiftly round the tortuous curve up the incline into Fernie, B. C., the observer is compelled to strain his eyes stretching far away to their left a long, low line of compact stone buildings, surrounded with a general lurid glow which seems to permeate the atmosphere and partially dispel the murky clouds that hang heavily overhead.

These are the coke ovens owned by the Crow's Nest "Coal Co., Ltd., and there are four hundred and fifty of them, arranged in two long rows, numbered 1, 2, and 3. Each row contains ovens on either side, and to distinguish these they are referred to as east and west ovens, respectively, the ovens themselves being numbered individually.

To-day, when nothing is wasted, least of all precious coal dust, it is interesting to follow the process whereby a given quantity of coal, "slack," as it is called, into marketable coke, and incidentally gives employment to many foreigners in this district.

The coal is mined at Coal Creek, a mining town situated in a deep valley some five miles from Fernie on the Morrisey, Fernie & Michel Rail-way—the property of the Coal Company—and after being screened at "tipples," the "slack" or fine stuff is loaded into special iron cars called slack cars, and which are made with a centre dump and hold thirty tons of slack. A train of twenty cars, twelve of which run up the line to the rails over the storage bins, and the dump being opened, the slack drops down into the "larry" beneath; the cars are then loaded with iron, and are capable of holding nine to ten tons, if required. The larvae are then run from under the storage bins by a circular line right on top of the coke ovens between the circular paths in each oven. The coke ovens burn across, and, arrived in position, the lever being moved, the slack pours into the oven beneath through the aperture either to the east or west.

About six and a half tons of slack is put into each oven at a time, and ignites, of course, spontaneously from the great heat latent, and after 72 hours the ovens, four and a quarter tons of coke, are lost being approximately about 35 per cent, the resultant coke making up the balance of 65 per cent.

When the time arrives for the ovens partially broken open the dried loam door is taken off, and the ovens are given a series blinding heat blared forth into the darkness, silhouetting his stalwart figure as he stands there, water in hand, playing on the fiery embers, and which, when sufficiently heated, will burst out with a huge roar take some twelve feet in length and weighing 60 to 70 pounds.

It is hard work, but seems admirably suited to the men who undertake it, mostly Russians and Slavs unable to speak a word of English, but quite happy with their job. For clearing an oven the men get paid \$1.50, and when the work is done clear out two and three ovens a night, working six days a week will net them anything from twelve to eighteen dollars. Living as they do in the ovens, from \$1.50 to sixteen dollars a month, they are soon able to afford a bank account.

The coke is now loaded into cars holding from 35 to 37 tons each, and is quickly sent to the docks where the gaudy cars being filled by the perking workmen Italiano now with their broad sixteen-pronged forks, shovelling away with a steady swing, the ovens are then transported to Trail and Grand Forks, B.C., where the smokers of the Consolidated Smelting & Mining Co. and the Granby Mining & Smelting Co., respectively, await their daily arrival.

There has been a demand from time to time of smelters being established in Fernie itself, but at present, and until sufficient ore is found adjacent to the ovens, it is more profitable to ship the coke to the established centers than the ore to the coke ovens.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Ltd., have other coke ovens besides those at Fernie. At Michel there are 100, and at Carbonado 250, making a total of 1,100 ovens at the three places.

Standing between the rails on top of the ovens comes to mind Dore's picture of Tortilla of the Gypsies in Purgatory, with the flickering flames lazily licking up and around the sides of the aperture through which the ovens are fed, whilst, as from the combination of a most weird theatrical effect is obtained the dull-red smoke floats in a thick pall over the dark buildings beneath. Except for repairs from time to time, the ovens are never out, and burn with a blinding heat which would have appalled Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, through the bitter winter weather equally as well as through the torrid days of August, the only difference in the weather being that during the summer they are drawn at 9 o'clock at night, whereas in the winter this is done during the day.

Built about nine years ago at a cost of a thousand dollars apiece, the ovens are practically as good to-day as when first constructed. About 100 men are employed at Fernie alone, the location being accomodated by Indians, and it is gratifying to learn that there has never been a serious accident.

Haly is now building four Dreadnoughts, which, it is said, will surpass any existing Dreadnought.

NOISY WEDDINGS.

Boisterous Prelude to Marriages In Old Rottenburg.

They love music in Rottenburg, and it is an affair of most funerals, public and private. In front of the rathaus, when wedding formalities are going on inside, hired musicians loudly drum and trumpet, whereas the people come running from all directions for a wedding is not carried on with the quietness which would please the shy and retiring. Marriage is a subject rather lightly now secretly entered into.

On the night before the wedding it is considered de rigueur to hurl old pots and pans against the house of the bride with boisterous good wishes, and without these delicate attentions a bride would really feel slighted. Her two best friends wait upon her during the night, giving her a warmth and a veil and some perfume to wear, and her honor, and that the verses are curiously like those offered to brides in the past, except for necessary change of name, is not at all a drawback.

Ronald Stanton of Paris, a Cornell graduate and appointed assistant secretary of the international bureau of public hygiene opened this year under the auspices of the French foreign office.

State Senator Ernest R. Ackerman of New Jersey is one of the best known and most enthusiastic collectors of postage stamps in this country. So large is his collection that he has set apart one room in his home in Plainfield in a stamp room, in which are some of the rarest of stamps.

MEXICANS' STAFF OF LIFE.

The Tortilla Is Their Bread—Frijoles Are Boiled Beans.

The tortilla is the ancient Indian bread of Mexico, its only difference being that it is made of Indian corn (maize), which the women soak in lime water until the kernels are at the point of bursting, then wash thoroughly until it is free from lime, when they grind it by rubbing it on a large block of stone, especially cut for the purpose, with a smaller stone which they hold in their hands.

The tortilla is a simple cake, made rubbing clothes on, washboard and is a laborious and tedious one. The lime renders the corn dough adhesive, while wheat flour dough, and it is easily patted between the hands into cakes the size and shape of an ordinary griddlecake and is baked upon a stone griddle. Though no salt or sugar is used, fresh tortillas are exceedingly palatable.

The one other food mainstay is frijoles—ordinary beans. They are boiled to a mush and with a liberal quantity of lard are warmed as required in a flat earthen dish that answers for a frying pan. The very poor people do not always have the luxury of frijoles and when they do have them cannot always afford the lard.

Odd Death Certificates.

Certificates of death are not documents where one usually seeks for humor, but there is frequently to be found in them much of the unconscious variety. Here, for instance, is how the cause of death is stated in the case of a laborer:

"Died from injuries received through his fall accidentally kneeling on his chest."

The consideration shown for the feelings of the bill is a fine touch and suggests grave questions on the moral responsibility of the lower animals.

Again, a man is stated to have "died from the effects of injuries received after being run over by a railway train in motion owing to a misunderstanding between deceased and an engine driver." This is a plain description of a rather ordinary railway casualty is evident.—London Express.

Sensitive Tobacco Plants.

In Cuba the best tobacco comes from one strip of land only, the slopes of a certain river, and even there a north wind may ruin the crop. Tobacco is the most sensitive plant we know of.

The smallest thing can affect flavor. Plant Virginia tobacco in Grafton, Va., and the result is a better tobacco, but it is German tobacco, not Virginian. In north Borneo they produce the most delicate and silky leaves that ever were seen, but the tobacco lacks character and taste. Seed Havana seeds to the Philippines, and you merely produce a superior Manila.

Homemade Names.

"That little girl," remarked the druggist to the doctor, "was just in for 10 cents worth of tincture of benzoin. But I've had it before and gave her benzoin."

"This was easy," answered the doctor. "This morning a diaphtheric case the woman wanted to know if I administered antitoxin with an epinephrine syringe."

Just the Opposite.
"When I first met you," cried the woman who had been married for her money, "you occupied a low, meek position, but now, thanks to me, your position—"

"Is a hymeneal one," her husband interrupted.

A Reflection.
"To my annoyance," she said, "I found he had a lock of my hair. How he got it I can't imagine."

The older girl smiled oddly.
"When you were out of the room perhaps?" she hazarded.

Just the Opposite.
"You are a poor young man?"
"I am."

"Then what you want is a thrifty economic wife."

"Not at all. What I want is a rich ideal wife."

SIRES AND SONS.

Boisterous Prelude to Marriages In Old Rottenburg.

M. Bleriot, the French aeromont, has met with over fifty accidents during the course of his many flights.

William Jennings Bryan may remove from Texas to Texas at the end of a tour of South America, for which he is now making preparations.

Abner Dunton, who was born to the first frame house built in Hope, Mo., has celebrated his one hundred and second birthday anniversary.

Edward H. Hartman at fourteen became a messenger boy in a stockbroker's office. In forty-one years he has accumulated \$120,000,000 in railroad shares.

Count Witte has gone to Pekin as the Russian ambassador of the czar and evidently still a figure of importance in the Chinese-all nations diplomatic service.

In the quiet of rural life at Coifas, La., resides General James B. Weaver, Greenback candidate for president in 1880 and People's party candidate for the same high office in 1882. General Weaver is seventy-six years old.

Robert Stanton of Paris, a Cornell graduate and appointed assistant secretary of the international bureau of public hygiene opened this year under the auspices of the French foreign office.

State Senator Ernest R. Ackerman of New Jersey is one of the best known and most enthusiastic collectors of postage stamps in this country. So large is his collection that he has set apart one room in his home in Plainfield in a stamp room, in which are some of the rarest of stamps.

Sporting Notes.

Syracuse university will take up winter polo.

Ed Geora expects to lower the four-year-old trotting record of Director 203%, with the Harvester this season.

Frank (Brownie) Browning of the San Francisco Pacific league team won sixteen straight games. He is the smallest pitcher in the league.

Whenever Dick Allen, 238, the South Dakota polo player, gets on his good horse, he makes short of one provided with wings can beat him over a two lap track.

Herbert Jaques, the Harvard distance runner, will confine himself to the two mile run next year and will not attempt to run two races on account of parental objection.

The Canadian Rowing association has accepted a silver cup trophy offered by a gentleman, with the stipulation that the trophy should be rowed for by senior eight and called the Hanlon memorial challenge cup.

Pen, Chisel and Brush.

—Samuel Boden, Mitchell, Nebr., author, is a recent graduate of Columbia.

Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, has received a commission to make a bust of Rolf Boldrewood, the Australian novelist, who is T. A. Brown in private life, writes very little now, but is in his eighty-third year. He is one of the patriarchs of the Melbourne club having been elected a member as far back as 1854.

James Jebusa Shannon, the portrait painter, has been elected a Royal academician. Shannon was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1882. He went to England in 1888. He has had paintings in many exhibitions, receiving first class medals at Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

—Died from injuries received through his fall accidentally kneeling on his chest."

The consideration shown for the feelings of the bill is a fine touch and suggests grave questions on the moral responsibility of the lower animals.

Again, a man is stated to have "died from the effects of injuries received after being run over by a railway train in motion owing to a misunderstanding between deceased and an engine driver." This is a plain description of a rather ordinary railway casualty is evident.—London Express.

The Early Drama.

The first foreign actor to play in England was Drusillo, an Italian comedian, who visited London in January, 1557.

In Shakespeare's time printed bills were stuck on posts on which the title of the play was announced, but neither the name of the author nor those of the actors.

Queen Elizabeth advised all actors to place themselves under the protection of some baron or other noble lest they be adjudged and deemed rogues and vagabonds.

Among the most famous of the first plays ever produced in England were "A Dead Man's Fortune," "Tamerlane," "Frederick and Basilia" and "The Seven Deadly Sins."

Things Theatrical.

Katherine Kavanagh is to bring out a new play in October.

"The Winterfest," by Charles Rann Kennedy, is to be produced in Berlin.

Graham Brown, an English actor, is to play an important role in "Israel," by Henri Bernstein.

Miss Ann Murdoch will appear in the cast of "A Noble Spaniard," in which Robert Edeson is to star.

A. W. Pinero has finished a new play which he calls "Mid-Chanel," in which Ethel Barrymore is to star.

Mme. Kalisch will appear in two new plays this season by Masterlinck and Hauptmann. She has a new play by an American author.

The Cookbook.

To mix corn bread more easily warm the bowl that it is mixed in.

Tarragon vinegar is an essential touch to a sharp salad dressing.

A little baking powder added to the flour used in making pie crust is often desirable. The proportion is half a teaspoonful to one pie.

When cooking a small roast, first sear the meat all over on hot spider. This will immediately drive in the meat juices, and less heat will be required in the oven.

ADVANCED ETIQUETTE.

For Those Who Are In Higher Grades of Human Civilization.

What to do when your wife is giving an afternoon bridge. You are upstairs getting dressed in your pajamas, trying to get to bed, but you are invited to go out for a sing dinner. The telephone (which is the only one in the house) is located in the same room where the ladies are playing, and a message comes from your brokers that you must talk to them at once. There is no time to lose, as it is ten minutes before the exchange closes, and you realize that unless you get there at once you may lose your fortune.

Answer.—In this emergency through the room where the ladies have left all their wraps and, seizing the first long fur coat that is handy and putting on your head a Merry Widow hat, proceed calmly to answer the call. You may have some trouble in making yourself heard, but you will accomplish your purpose if you are persistent.—New York Life.

A CRUMB OF BREAD.

Its Effect on the Tip of a Vicious Woman's Nose.

"Isn't it terrible," said the society woman, "what a tiny thing can prove a tragedy to poor, self vaunting mankind! A work almost invisible in the eyes of an audience, yet it can enter the heart and render him as helpless as a baby. And a lost hairpin or the breaking of a buckle may transform the most smartly groomed woman into an object of amusement to all observers."

"At a dinner I attended not long ago a lady sitting opposite me lodged in some inexpressible manner a large crumb between the nostrils at the tip of her nose without being conscious of the fact, and there it remained.

The ludicrous effect was beyond the power of words to describe or of human risibles to resist. She is an extremely vivacious woman, generous with smiles and little bows, and motions of her head, and as she chattered gayly with those about her it was impossible for her to restrain her merriment.

Naturally, though this was enough to irritate her, she continued to sit there, and was allowed to choose her own songs and sing as many as she pleased, whereupon Mathliran was compelled to sing only what was assigned to her.

"I'm not a singer," she said, "but I have a voice, and I can sing." "But you don't just sing," she said. "What was the only morning this summer he didn't get up to mow his lawn?"—Chicago Post.

Dared Him.

Edwin Stevens, when he first made up his mind to tackle vaudeville, applied to a very gruff manager who had a strong German accent and a great deal of business on hand.

"What would you do?" asked the manager. "I am a comedian, sir," I—"A komiker, vas?" "Well, make me laugh!"—Everybody's Magazine.

A Genius Mint.

"Alan!" remarked young Boren, who was making an evening call. "We're good resolutions only to break them."

"Quite true," rejoined Miss De Poynter. "Now, resolved to retire early, and here it is almost 11 o'clock."

Whereupon the young man proceeded to bat out a home run.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Vile Bad Element.

Willie—This paper says that people with good high banded courses ought to be punished. What kind of a course is that?

—Pats—It's the system a man plays on when he won't bet on anything less than a royal flush or four of a kind. The paper is right, my son. It is just such lukewarm sports that are killing the great American game.—Puck.

The Natural Result.

"I forgot to get those curtains my wife sent me to buy for her," he said. "What happened?"

"I got a punishment to fit the crime."

"What was that?"

"A curtain lecture." —Baltimore American.

Confidence.

"It does not require great wealth to enjoy the real comforts of life," said the ready made philosopher.

"No," answered the perspiring citizen, "I understand that Eskimos who never saw 10 cents of real money live in houses made of ice."—Washington Star.

Toujours la Folieass.

Usher (to abandoned Judge about to leave the court)—You've forgotten to sentence me, my lord.

Judge—Dear, dear! I beg your pardon.—Tatler.

His Private Opinion.

She ton the leebet—What do you think of my new bathing suit, Mr. Prudent?

He—Well, I—er—think it's built a trifle too far above sea level.—Houston Post.

—A Marital Defense.

"She needn't expect to do anything with her husband by copious tears."

"Why not?"

"He has too much dry humor."—Baltimore American.

Bill Was Dead Slow.

" Didn't I tell you that Bill was slow to live?"

"Whoo, what's he bin and done now?"

"He's gone and not run over by a hearse!"—New York Journal.

A MALIBRAN VICTORY.

The Great Singer's Lively Debut in an English City.

SHE DEFIED THE DIRECTORS.

Considering That She Had Been Shabbily Treated, Malibran Sang as Long as She Wanted to and Had a Most Satisfactory Revenge.

Quarrels between opera singers and management are to be expected in the life of Malibran. It was born, when Malibran returned to England from New York and made her debut at Birmingham at the music festival as Malibran Garcia. Miss Paton had already become a favorite there and was allowed to choose her own songs and sing as many as she pleased, whereas Malibran was compelled to sing only what was assigned to her.

Malibran's first performance was a success, and there abouts she began to sing more songs that evening and that she would sing but two. Then it was that, realizing only what was her success for the season in England depended on her having a better place in the program, she sang six songs that evening and that she would sing but two. Then it was that, realizing only what was her success for the season depended on her having a better place in the program, she sang six songs that evening and that she would sing but two.

In vain the directors endeavored to stop receiving her, but she made short work of ceremony, and while they were framing an excuse to pacify her, she broke into upon them in a jiffy and sent them packing.

"Sir, have you sanctioned this program?" she asked.

"I had hoped," said, "I had been issued without your sanction, for it includes me two songs, both of which are hackneyed." Malibran, six. She has an established reputation here. Mine is yet to make, at least with your English audiences, and therefore if any program is to be given to any one should be to me." Romeo, Romeo, Romeo on Wednesday—Romeo, Romeo, she can do nothing but Romeo." I want fair play—no more, no less!"

Well, it was a great fuss. The directors endeavored to soothe her, and she talked herself into a great passion, but they made her mistake in not understanding that she was a singer who was not to be put out of the program, and when she was put out, she did not want to be put out again.

Malibran argued that she should sing six or an equal number of songs with Miss Paton, and finally she went off in a great hullabaloo, declaring if they would not right her she would right herself.

The evening was advertised came, and the theater was crowded with the rank people of England. When the performance commenced, some one sang, some one sang, then Brahmin followed, and finally came Miss Paton. As usual, she was warmly received. Then Malibran came forward amid many plaudits, undoubtedly agitated at the applause, and when the conductor came to lead Malibran off in a great hullabaloo, she played a prelude to the song she had just given. But that was not all. When she came within a note or two of the conclusion she paused, cast a look at the wings, where the mystified director and the audience, looking about and to the ceiling, and then the conductor and the amazement of the directors commenced a new song. She had just been singing Italian, now she sang Spanish, and when this had been applauded she started to retire. The audience, however, would not part with her, and when the conductor came to lead her off, pit gallery and boxes actually closed the curtains.

There was a steady noise behind the curtain when Malibran at length retired. But to the acting director, who fumed and cried, "Madam, you have played us an astonishing trick!" she only smiled and said, "I told you that I would right myself if you wronged me—and I did."

"Why doesn't he sing any more; lost his voice?"

"No, his nerve."

41 Meat Market

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Head Office:
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PINCHER CREEK Alberta
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FRANK,
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Coleman, Friday, October 15, 1909

EDITORIAL NOTES

Is Canada as proud of O'Brien as O'Brien is of Canada?

Mother Nature did some work that the council have to undo. Next time we expect Nature to do better.

Should not the seats in the park be galvanized? They stand electric sparks well.

If you are a kicker and see the shadows of failure in everything that is proposed to help the town, for heaven's sake go into some secluded canyon and kick your own shadow on the clay bank, and give the men who are working to build up the town a chance. One long-faced hollow-eyed, whining, caping, chronic kicker can do more to keep away business and capital from a town than all the drouths, short crops, chinches bugs, cyclones and blizzards combined.

The man who could run a newspaper to suit everybody, went to heaven long ago.

Revenge is the only debt which it is wrong to pay.

The COLEMAN MINER is anxiously awaiting for the opening of the assembly, so as to be able to report something as to the whereabouts of C. M. O'Brien.

Dick McBride and the Canadian Northern may run up against something definite when they get into the Rockies.

TWO COLEMAN MEN IN FRANK,

The latest spasm of oratory just over the wire:—When we almost single-handed and single minded obtain redress from an unscrupulous government, when we are left, as it were, to the ravages of mountains savages, when we make of ourselves a city in the twinkling of an eye, think ye we were not born in vain? Coleman hath need of us.

Hillcrest Notes

Received too late for last issue.

A. Waugh paid a flying visit to Hillcrest on Tuesday.

W. Taylor of this town is visiting friends in Fernie for a few days.

Mrs. Boutry is now keeping house on the new Bellevue lots.

The quarantining has been taken off Edgar Johnson's boarding house.

A McLeod has been on a trip to Calgary. He was reported married, but it is not correct.

The opening dance was given last Friday in Mr. McCutcheon's new hall in Bellevue.

Zeb F. O. Eagles held their meeting in the new hall at Bellevue last Saturday night.

Mrs. E. Taylor is home from Fernie, where she had been on business for a few days.

Mrs. J. B. Rudd is in Pincher Creek, where business will entertain her a few days.

Miss Annie Millar, of Bellevue, is spending a few days with Mrs. Fries in Blairmore.

The second annual ball was held in the Hillcrest hall on Sept. 29th, and was attended by people from Frank, Blairmore, Coleman and Bellevue. Everyone was jolly and showed a good time was enjoyed.

J. Burrows and wife were seriously hurt while coming from the ball at Coleman, caused by getting off the road in the darkness, the rig upset and both were thrown out. They are getting along nicely now.

Two hundred and eight dollars has been expended in Flumerfelt park and the park committee invite the citizens in general to visit the park and incidentally see where the money voted has been expended. Over 150 feet of gravel road has been built under brushing has been done on fifteen acres.

Lille Jottings

Dr. Malcolmson paid a visit to Lille on Tuesday.

Inspector Belcher paid a visit to Lille on Saturday. Con. Manson has returned after visiting the coast for two weeks.

Rev. Jas. McNeil preached here on Sunday evening, as the newly appointed Presbyterian minister and was well received.

Miss Norton the school teacher is laid aside at present through sickness, but we trust she will soon be able to resume her duties again.

C. M. O'Brien, M.P.P. paid a visit to Lille on Tuesday, and addressed a meeting in the Miner's Hall. He delivered an interesting address, but there was only a moderate attendance. J. T. Griffiths, local secretary, occupied the chair.

Lundbreck Notes

F. O. Adams, of Spokane, was registered at the Windsor last week.

A large batch of carpenters are employed at the new church and school buildings.

Dr. Johnston visited Cowley on Saturday.

It is reported that the butcher's shop formerly conducted by H. C. Lancaster, has changed hands.

Messrs. Rogers & Affleck are working up a big trade and are very busy these days attending to their numerous customers. They believe in hustling and look forward to a bright future for Lundbreck.

Notes in Brief

Snow fell at Corbin to a depth of four inches Friday.

The Canadian parliament opens on November 11th.

American immigration into Canada is expected to reach the 80,000 mark the current year.

It will take five hundred miles of freight cars to move the western wheat crop this year.

Thirty million less cigarettes were consumed in Canada last year than during the previous year.

The three prairie provinces are imbued with the same spirit; they have the same aims and the same destiny.

We have one thing to be thankful for in the fact that we need not worry any more about the crops until next year.

The annual meeting of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. was held recently at Montreal and net profits of nearly a million was shown.

WILL START WORK ON

HUDSON'S BAY RAILWAY

Winnipeg, Oct. 14.—It was officially announced tonight that the government will start work on the construction of the railway to Hudson's Bay this fall. The surveys are completed for the first section. The line is to be owned by the government and also operated by it, other companies being given running rights if they so desire.

The annual meeting of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. was held recently at Montreal and net profits of nearly a million was shown.

The work of grading Cowley streets was commenced Monday.

A. H. Knight made a shipment of wheat from here last week.

Two cars of deal for the bridge at North Fork arrived Monday.

Several large shipments of hay and feed were made from Cowley during the week.

On Tuesday last A. H. Knight's threshing machine resumed operations on Messrs. Godsal and Powlett's crop.

Monday was a busy day for Cowley stores, large numbers of people availing of the fine weather to visit the town, and do their shopping.

Quite a number of men arrived Monday to engage in the construction of the North Fork bridge. The work is expected to occupy a couple of months.

Owing to going to press so soon, we cannot tell the exact location of the North Fork gristmill, but in our next issue we can promise our readers a full description.

The congregation of the Anglican church are going to build themselves a church of their own. Mr. Colpman has charge of the work, ably assisted by Messrs. Bowes and Thompson.

W. L. Ouimette

We have all we advertise--But we cannot advertise all we have!

"QUALITY" Young "QUALITY"

Man!



Make up your mind now that you are going to wear 20th Century Clothings this fall. For the certainty of being dressed—in correct style. For Shape, keeping, and high-grade tailoring, for real economy. Its half the battle in life to have the right appearance—the other half is being up to it. A man feels like living up to the genuineness of quality—the clean cut character of 20th Century Clothings. They inspire him to do his level best.

500 samples to show you—Come in and see them.

Mens Underwear

Mens Underwear, per suit \$1.50 to \$4.50

Blankets Blankets

We can give you excellent values in White or Grey Blankets. We buy in bale lots direct from the factory and cut out all intermediate profits. Get our prices before buying. We can save you money.

Ladies Knitted Coats

We show several styles in this popular goods. They are natty and comfortable. Prices \$2.00 to \$3.50.

Buster Brown Knitted Garments for Children.

Groceries

We pay particular attention to this branch of our business. Our stock is kept fresh and complete. Try our Imperial Coffee at 3 lbs. for \$1.00

Red Dot Creamery Butter. Best that we can buy.—Try it.

Net and Silk Waists

We have just recently received a very nice line of the latest ideas in fancy Net Waists for evening wear. Won't you come in and look this over.

Madras Curtains

These goods make very effective draperies for windows and doors. We sew nice floral designs in pretty combinations of colors. Width 36 to 45 inches, 50c to 80c per yard.

Ladies and Childrens Underwear.—In Best qualities.—Watson's Unshrinkable

Great variety of Men's knitted Coats, Vests and Sweaters

FLOUR 5 ROSES PER SACK \$3.75

Wagstaffe Jams

Red Deer Creamery Butter

W. L. Ouimette
General Merchandise

• Advertise

In this Paper it is largely circulated all over the District. Read by over 4,000 people

TALES OF THE CASCADES

PAUL NETHERBY AT THE GROOTTO

CHAPTER V.

Continued.

The tale of Mr. Jepson had an unusual vivid effect on the impulsive Paul and he resolutely determined to find out if possible within the next week, exact source and perpetrator of the annoyance and miseries. After they all sat for a few moments in silent reflection Paul sprang to his feet. "Mr. Jepson, Paul commenced, I will within a week's time expose to you this villain. If you will grant me the necessary time," to this Mr. Jepson replied, "well Netherby if you fully realize the danger you incur, and what you might bring upon yourself, I will consent for you to seek out the murderer and disturber of the camp. Yes, Netherby, take a week."

CHAPTER VI.

Paul Netherby seemed to have been swallowed up in a twinkling. No one seemed to know of his whereabouts and not a few of Paul's friends expressed many sincere expressions as to his sudden departure. But Mr. Jepson assured them that Netherby was only on a business jaunt to the landing and would be back in a short time. This from Mr. Jepson allayed any uneasiness on the part of Paul's intimate friends.

On Monday morning an oldish foreman man arrived at the mine office and inquired for work. The assayer pointed to the superintendents office and the half crippled miners hobbled off just as his worn-out limbs could carry him.

It was almost an hour before Mr. Jepson came down, and when he spied another applicant for "wurak" he muttered something about "pests in the hills." The fellow with much much perve stalked right after Jepson into the office, took a seat and asked in a jargon, "can't you give me a job boss?" "Well perhaps," said the superintendent. After the usual preliminary questions the man was assigned "pushin' the car" and no one gave another thought to him.

Every night that week the pointing and warning hand still tormented and perturbed the stricken superintendent. Mrs. Jepson and Rosalie did all in their power to quiet his unnerved nerves. As they sat around the cheery fireplace wondering about the absent Paul Mr. Jepson began a hunting tale to while away the dragging hours.

"Several years ago, while I was prospecting on the Cayenne, I sometimes had occasion to do some hunting. Food was often scarce and my partner Dan Sullivan and I were all most starved many a time.

It was on a bright sunny day when Dan says to me, "Say Jepson I'm blessed if my sides are not a cabin in for the wee bit of some black bear. Let's go hunting." Alright Dan I'll go you.

We carefully packed up a small pack of bacon and flour, took our guns and slid down the river in a dug out canoe. On both sides of the river towering mountains cast huge shadows into the river that made us think that our canoe was slipping off a field of glass. As we proceeded an occasional canyon presented itself, when we had to portage it. The view across such a gorge was well worth our efforts to encompass it. The sunlight caught by the dashing spray was converted into myriad colors, which formed themselves into waving beams across the canyon. The green slopes further added to the mountain tableau that caused us to halt and gaze with unmitigated joy at the pleasing panorama.

Further down when we took the river, the river widened. Dan kept his eye fixed for possible game. The forest growth along the banks was dense. Suddenly Dan called out to me, "see that cinnamon up that fir?"

"Yes I replied, "take a shot Dan."

Up Dan got on his knees, soldier like and blazed away. Into the trunk in the tree the bullet whizzed and stopped. A scramble upon the branches, a lurch and a sudden drop struck us amid ship. You see while all this was taking place we were carried down stream. Just as we reached the tree the wounded bear fell backwards into our dugout. And out we went.

"Where are you Dan?" I called swimming to shore. "Never mind me yet honest, think that bear doesn't sail to the starboard and swing you one." After tugging and swimming for the space of twenty minutes we reached shore in a most deplorable condition. Before I could turn around Dan started the greatest laughing I ever heard him do. "Be Jabs, yer honest, he's got his claws out for salls and all, he's got his claws out for salls and all."

he's heading for camp." For three days we wandered around the wild and inhospitable mountains with only a pocket knife for a weapon. At the end of the time we came to a welcome Indian rancheria, where they gave us plenty of dried potatoes and salmon. After a refreshing sleep we asked for another canoe to go back up the river. The chief came to us before we commenced and in a frightened voice, asked us to examine a cultus bird in his preserve.

Dan and I walked over, all at once the Indian got into convulsions. He says, "oh Lord, it's a black bird alright yer honor, it's that confounded bear with our dugout on his back, and he's climbed that fr."

(To be continued.)

Happenings at Blairmore

W. J. Budd returned from Calgary yesterday.

Capt. Beebe, who is on a trip to the coast, is expected home this week.

A. Spark's new residence is ready for occupancy. It is one of the best in town.

Henry Pelletier has disposed of two hundred thousand bricks to Fernie builders.

The post office has been enlarged and is now in fine shape for the transaction of business.

Blairmore now has daily bank service. Mr. George, late of Frank, is the new manager.

Mrs. Kribbs, of the Crows Nest Hardware Co., has taken up his residence in town and his store opened and ready for business.

Lioness, the local fast horse, has left for Clarendon to take part in the fall races. Spence Lewis, the old reliable, is in charge.

Archie McLeod went the rounds this week with a bunch of dog tags. The prices ranged from one to two dollars with no option but to buy.

Mrs. Coulthard, wife of manager Coulthard of the West Canadian Collieries, arrived from Winnipeg a few days ago to join her husband here.

Our boys are training hard for the big 12-mile race at Coleman, on Thanksgiving day. It's a cinch that the silverware will decorate Blairmore windows on the 26th inst.

Real estate is still active in the Pelletier section. Frank E. Hinds, purchased five lots from H. E. Lyon this week and is now erecting four residences there.

H. E. Lyon has been appointed district manager for the Canadian Railway Accident Insurance Co. His territory extends from Macleod to Fernie, B.C., inclusive.

The sale of the H. S. Pelletier home, including ten lots, was made to W. J. Budd this week. This is the largest deal but through for some time. It was negotiated by H. E. Lyon.

THE GREAT MARATHON

The marathon race which is to be run on Thanksgiving Day is attracting wide attention. Five, handsome and valuable Silver Cups are already en route to Coleman for the winning.

The race will be run in the new park and the admission will be 25¢. Tickets can be obtained at the COLEMAN MINER OFFICE. All entries must be made at the MINER OFFICE before October 24th.

Contractor

and

Builder

All kinds of carpentering work done on the shortest notice by first-class workmen.—No order too large, none too small

T. W. Davies

Coleman, Alberta

F. J. Knight

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Contractor and Builder

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Estimates Furnished Free on request

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Job work promptly attended to Work neatly Executed

Blairmore Alberta

STEPHEN JANOSTAK

—|—

EAST END GROCER

Groceries Provisions Dry Goods

HIGHEST-QUALITY

Opposite Opera House

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD

Physician and Surgeon

Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd Street

Hours: 9-10 a.m. 4-5 and 7-8 p.m.

T. W. Hills

Plasterer

Work neatly executed

Write to Blairmore Alberta

Queens Restaurant

Fruits and Confectionery

Ling Lim Dong

Open Day and Night. Splendid Meals. Next Blairmore Hotel

Buy Here and Save Money

—|—

If you want to get a bargain call in and interview our new book. You'll get a hundred cents worth for every dollar when spent with

with</p

JIMMY'S OPPORTUNITY.

A Very Important Conversation That Settled Matters.

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Presenters.]

Jimmy Fitzgerald was downcast. Everybody was against him, he told himself, and in that sweeping generalisation he included even Carroll. For if it had not been for Carroll's convenience, her tame submission to the maneuvers of interfering relatives, the words which had trembled on his lips for three dragging months would have been spoken long ago.

The arrival of a diastatic and spectular Jimmy was ready to admire the cleverness which so far had circumvented him. "Good Team work," he denounced it. The ingenious air with which Grandmother Reynolds would appear to claim Carroll's assistance in regard to a dropped stitch in her knitting just when Jim my and Marie were at their wits' end, and Carroll was turning a most becoming pink was out-equalled by the childlike innocence with which Carroll's small brother would rush bawling into the library with a bloody handkerchief tied to his nose, interrupting an eloquent outbreak beginning "Since the first hour I saw you!"

"It is true that I am not the harder to bear because we are so perfectly eligible. Character and prospects alike were beyond question. The most serious accusation that could be brought against the match was that both of them were young. Carroll's sister, Marie, was of the opinion that an engagement would be absurd, and Jimmy thought it was absurd. But George Freeman, Marie's latest admirer, had been as eager to propose as Jimmy was, the latter young man felt positive that no obstacles would be put in his way.

With a duplicity foreign to the usually frank nature, Jimmy took no opportunity of telling George Freeman his admiration with which Marie regarded him. If the older sister were ever engaged or, better still, married, Jimmy believed there would be hope for him.

Meanwhile the family opposition showed itself in an episode of espionage which kept Jimmy's great avowals unspoken. If he suggested a wedding either Mrs. Reynolds or Marie would remind him that the older sister were once engaged or, better still, married. Jimmy believed there would be hope for him.

He called one afternoon wearing an expression of grim determination which, if he had known it, put the couple in alarm. He was ushered into the family room, and Mrs. Reynolds entered him till Carroll came down. Jimmy made a few lame comments on the weather, his eyes devouring the pretty girlish figure seated demurely in the opposite corner.

"It's too fine a day for the house," said Jimmy. "Suppose we take a little walk."

"Really, Carroll, dear," said Mrs. Reynolds before Carroll could reply, "it won't do for you to leave the house. Mrs. Baker is likely to want you any moment. We have a dressmaker here, Mr. Fitzgerald," she continued, turning to Jimmy with her most charming smile.

"Can't we sit on the piazza?" suggested Jimmy. Carroll agreed to the suggestion. But, as it proved, her small brother, Bob, was in possession of the hammock, and he remained for two hours, enlivening the occasion by describing the exploits of the ball team.

A car splitting whistle in the rear of the house relieved them at length of Bob's company. Without delay Jimmy plumped into the subject uppermost in his mind.

"Carroll, there's something I want to say to you!"

"Carroll, Mrs. Baker is ready for you," said Marie, voice behind the piano strings. "You must have been waiting there, bidding us time." Jimmy could not doubt. Then the gate creaked, and Mr. Reynolds came up the walk. He settled himself in the chair Carroll had vacated, and he and Jimmy talked politics till dinner time.

The young man refused an invitation to remain for dinner. He went away with a sorrowful brow and heavy heart. But at the sound of that evening the telephone bell rang, interrupting a game of bridge going on in the den. Carroll, who was nearest to the insistent instrument, pushed back her chair and went to answer the summons.

"Hello-hello! Oh, yes, this is Carroll!" She turned a pretty, flushed face toward the three at the card table. "Please don't talk for a minute; I can't hear."

The next minute she heard very distinctly, for the room had become absolutely still, and the voice at the other end of the wire was clear as I penetrate.

"This is Jimmy," Carroll. "There's something I've been trying to say to you for three months. And I'm going to say it now."

"Why, I don't see—"

"Well, it doesn't matter whether you see or not. Just listen. Ever since I

met you on Phil Reynolds' yacht a year ago I've loved you—from the very first hour."

"Oh, how!"

"I'm not going to bush. I think about you every minute while I'm awake and dream about you when I'm asleep. I'm not any good any more, and I shan't be till I find out whether you care for me or not. And if you don't I'm going to the Philippines or somewhere."

"Don't talk so loud."

"I don't care who hears me. I've kept it to myself just as long as I can. Carroll, darling, can't you care for me a little?"

"Shh! Come tomorrow."

"I'll come tomorrow fast enough if you tell me what you want to hear. I've been coming day after day—months without getting a chance to tell you that I love the very ground you walk on? And now I've got it I'm going to wait till you say yes or no. If you can't love me I might as well!"

Abruptly the voice ceased. Carroll waited expectantly. Then a terrible silence. Jimmy had brought her into a moment of suspense he could not bear.

"Tremulously she accepted the operator, "You're cut off me!"

"What number do you want?" replied that young woman.

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any idea. Oh, why did you cut me off just then?"

The trio at the card table were startled at her strange, "How absurd you are acting, Carroll," exclaimed Marie sharply. "Come and finish the game."

"Yes, come and finish the game, Carroll," said her father. "The other matter can be settled another time, I suppose."

"We've got 'em on the run, Miss Carroll," cracked George Freeman, who happened to be Carroll's partner.

Slowly the girl moved toward her place. What would Jimmy think? perhaps he would believe that she had deliberately hung up the receiver, preferring this way of giving him his answer. She was a little dizzy and groped for her chair.

Just at that moment the telephone rang again, and Carroll bounded toward it, her agility in surprising contrast to her late uncertainty and fearlessness.

"Hello! Hello!"

"Hello, Jimmy. I will. I mean I do."

A long pause. "I suppose it's too late for me to come up this evening," suggested Jimmy tentatively.

"Of course not. Only hurry." She hung up the receiver and turned a radiant face. Again Marie looked suspicious.

"I must have been a very important person," she said scathingly. "I hope it's settled now."

Carroll answered her with a dignity in which there was no suggestion of the down-trodden younger sister.

"It is," she replied. "Jimmy and I are engaged."

His Rivals.

In Turkey it often happens that marriages are arranged between persons by the parents of the men and the women. Such was the case, says Demetra Vaka in Barelkum. They had never seen each other, and at first it did not look as if the match would be a good one, since the lady was buried deep in German philosophies, in which the gentleman had little interest.

By the time I had parted from Halli Bey's fiancee I was so filled up with big ideals that I kept thinking, "Poor Halli Bey!"

The next morning I found Halli Bey in the garden, very impatient to hear all about his fiancee.

"Tell me," he cried out as soon as we had shaken hands, "is she beautiful?"

"Very," I answered, "but, my poor boy, she is crazy over Kant and Schopenhauer."

"Who are they?" he bellowed, thunder in his voice and fire in his eyes.

"Tell me quick, and I will draw every drop of blood from your veins!"

"I think I can take care of that," I said.

As events turned out, he did.

The Restful Life.

"We must live rhythmically if we want to live healthily," writes Gino David in "How to Rest and How to Relax."

"Fo me quickly, and I will draw every drop of blood from your veins!"

"I think I can take care of that," I said.

As events turned out, he did.

How It Grew.

Mrs. A. (to Mrs. B.)—That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of children. The day when she was born, she was blowing soap bubbles with them through a common clay pipe.

Mrs. B. (to Mrs. C.)—That Mrs. Newcomer is so funny. Mrs. A. was surprised at the children with a common clay pipe.

Mrs. D. (to Mrs. E.)—That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid pipe, I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that.

Mrs. E. (to Mrs. F.)—That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a pipe and drinks awfully.—London Scrape.

A Roumanian Custom.

A strange custom is still observed in Roumania. When a servant has misplaced his or her master's keys, he steals them, holds them in his hands and places them before the bedroom door of his master. It is a sign of great submission, and the boots are either kicked away or an intimation that the fault was not found out, or else the servant is told to place his own feet, which shows that he is forgiven.

Cheese In Soup.

Cheese is almost always a nice addition to a soup. Besides contributing to the palate, it adds nutriment to the soup if it is not rich in itself, like the tomato and the vegetable soups. Any cheese may be utilized in this way, even ordinary Canadian cheese. In foreign households clear consomme and other soups are often accompanied by grated Parmesan cheese.

A CANINE HERO.

The Story of Scotch, an Obedient and Loyal Dog.

A most interesting as well as a most pathetic dog story is related by Enos Mills in his book "Wild Life in the Rockies." Mr. Mills and his dog Scotch were on a four days' tramp on the summit of a desolate and lofty range far above the timber line, and Mr. Mills stopped to take some photographs. The work required that he should lie upon his sheepskin mittens, and I hardly got my mittens on," said the story follows:

From time to time, as I climbed the summit of the continental divide I stopped to take the pictures, but I stood so still that the cold pinched my silk gloves and I felt for my mittens, to find that one of them was lost.

I stopped, took an arm around Scotch, and I lay down. I lost a mitten, but I wanted him to rest a moment to save me trouble.

Instead of starting off willingly, as I had invariably done before, he stood so still that I had misundertstood me, so I patted him and then, pointing down the slope, said: "Go for the mitten, Scotch. I will wait here for you."

He started for it, but went unwillingly. He had always served me so cheerfully that I could not understand, and it was not until late the next afternoon that I realized that he had loyalty at the risk of his life tried to obey me.

My cabin, 18 miles away, was the nearest house, and the road was nearly level, so I lay down to wait for Scotch to return, but he did not come back. As it was late in the afternoon and growing colder, I decided to go on toward my cabin alone. I knew that I had set him free, but I told myself that he would follow me.

When at midnight he had not come back, I told some old soldiers who were staying at the cabin to go to meet him. The thermometer showed 14 below zero. I kept on going, and at 2 in the afternoon, 24 hours after I had last seen him, I found him lying in the snow on the ground, half dead. He had misinterpreted me and had gone back to guard the cabin.

After waiting for him to eat a lunch, we started merrily toward home, where we arrived at 1 o'clock in the morning.

Scotch did not return. I suppose he would have died beside the mitten. In a region cold, cheerless, oppressive, without food and perhaps to lay down by the mitten because he understood that I told him to. In the annals of dog heroism I know of no greater deed.

Lingering Belief In Magic.

The man in the country knows better than to offend the occult powers that control his life, and he adheres to such superstitions as the belief in magic, which soon bears its own punishment. In Devonshire to this day, when someone is afflicted with what is known as "white ill," a bannock is placed on the leg, and the following formula is repeated nine times, each time followed by the Lord's Prayer:

As Jesus Christ was walking He said to the Virgin Mary, "See that you offend not the occult powers that control your life."

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BABY'S TEETHING TIME IS A TROUBLous TIME

The Story of Scotch, an Obedient and Loyal Dog.

When baby is teething the whole household is upset. The tender little gums are swollen and inflamed, and the poor child often cries and keeps the rest of the family on edge. In the homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used there is no such worry. The Tablets allay the inflammation, and the child is soon able to sleep again.

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Much the Same

"No," said the first dear girl. "I've no use for the summer young men. They remind me of Dresden's Olma."

"Because they are so beautiful!" queried girl No. 2.

"No," answered No. 1. "They get broke so easily."

One of the campers had done something peculiarly idiotic, and the dean said, "Dick reminds me of Thomas Jefferson." "Thomas Jefferson?" asked Dick, cheerfully. "Where?" the dean responded readily. "I lived in a cabin in the woods, and I was a simpleton."

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WITH FLYING COLORS.

The Incident That Ended His Period of Probation.

By CHARICE ENGLE.
(Copyright, 1907, by Associated Literary Press.)

A man picked his way slowly along the sun-baked trail that led westward to Taggart across the desert. It was high noon and the day had been hot and dry and the man's throat was parched with thirst. This did not tend to lessen his desire to reach the water hole sooner than he planned to do so. It was all due to his visit that morning to the little ranch a few miles behind, for there he had met with the first failure in his life. He had proposed and been rejected.

It was not Hill Warren's nature to be balked by anything. He usually carried his own way, and with a high hand and a rough, swash-buckling air he was bound upon a sort of local "bad man." But this companion was applied to him only by people who did not know Hill. In reality no better nor kinder natured man than he ever rode into Taggart.

But Sue Patterson was one of those who were not particularly satisfied with him and the half-heartedness she showed him as something evil. Therefore, although otherwise she liked Warren better than any other of her admirers, she felt that she was acting quite right when she rejected his offer of marriage.

All the concession that she had given him in answer to his earnest pleading was that he would put him on an indefinite probation, and if he came through it with flying colors why she would think about it.

All of which Warren took too literally, and he thought that she had spoken thus only to soften her refusal. He became angry at the thought of it. She don't care nothing for rider! He turned his horse around and rode off. It's all along of that sneaking coyote, Ralph Henderson, been to Frisco an' seen a few things an' comes out here to lord it over us. I know the card she's plumb lowen over the cuss, too; an' he ain't no man—No," he finished emphatically, "he ain't no man."

He rode on across the desert in a sort of dazed condition, with his hat pulled down over his eyes. At length, toward the middle of the afternoon, he came into the foothills before him lay the "Tooth of Time," the largest mountain in that vicinity. Beyond it, ten miles to the westward, was Taggart. This necessitated his taking the trail that wound round the slope of the mountain. This trail was narrow, more than wide enough for one's horse and rider were rounding the curve of the mountain. Neither noticed the rider with whom they were fifty feet apart. Then by some strange chance both raised their heads. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous, for the man ahead of Warren was Ralph Henderson.

As he rode over the trail, lost in thought, Warren was deaf to external sounds. He did not notice the fidgeting of his horse nor his frightened whinney. He had no intimation whatever that any one was approaching along the trail from the opposite direction. And yet not a hundred feet ahead of him the horse and rider were rounding the curve of the mountain. Neither noticed the rider with whom they were fifty feet apart. Then by some strange chance both raised their heads. Recognition was mutual and instantaneous, for the man ahead of Warren was Ralph Henderson.

The faces of both men paled with fear. Not in years had two men met on that narrow trail, and it seemed some strange intervention of fate that it should be Warren and Henderson. While the sight of the ratiocine gave anxious, that of Henderson became quickly overtaken with a crafty cunning.

"Hello!" he drawled pleasantly. "Hello!" muttered Warren nervously. "Well, what are we going to do about it if you're the city man?" "I looks as if you'd have to leave." "No, I don't think so," said Warren. "There's no turning about for either of us. We'll have to manage to pass each other. The place seems pretty wide here."

"Flip a coin for the inner side," suggested the other, suddenly reaching a hand into his pocket. "Right," agreed Warren, "but let's be a jolly good sport."

Henderson's face turned scarlet and he stayed his hand. "I declare, I'm all out of coin," he rattled sheepishly.

"Here's an eagle," replied Warren, with narrow eyes. "Leave her up! Heads I pass on the inside, tails I pass on the outside."

He tossed the coin to Henderson as he spoke with a forced and hostiling manner, turned with a moment and let it fly up into the air with a twirl of a veteran trickster. It fell down on the trail at their feet, ringing out clear and cold.

"Tails!" cried the city man, overcome with excitement. His face resumed something of its natural color and the old enthusiasm for the game returned.

Warren accepted his fate nonchalantly, although he knew that it might mean death for him. There was one thing about it, however, that calmed him. He well knew that Henderson was on his way to the Patterson ranch, and it came to him that he "ought" to be a rather bitter reminder to the city man of his life, if the man could do so. But without a word he pressed his pony's reins with his heels and rode forward.

Henderson had drawn his horse as close as he could against the side of the mountain, and he seemed overcome by fits of nervousness, for the

reins shook in his hands and the color and went to his dark cheeks.

The ledge where Warren was now to pass him Henderson had a somewhat wider view than the rest of the trail, and he rode forward light hearted and confident that he would easily accomplish it. But just as he braced against the side of Henderson the latter suddenly drove his spurs with great force against his horse's ribs. With a snort of terror the animal pranced forward and reared and sounding then hurtling down and over the edge of the precipice. Then he went careening down the slope.

The breath went out of Warren as soon as he felt himself falling, and under the sickening sensation that ensued he lost consciousness. A agonizing pain in his head caused him to groan and bleeding, he now sat up and gazed about him. He had landed in the branches of a tree that jutted out from the slope of the mountain. Down below on the sand he could see the form of his horse as a stone.

The first thing Warren did was to swear. Then he looked down at his knee, which had been broken below the knee.

As he started to wrap his handkerchief about it, he heard a sound from above.

Over the rim of the precipice a bushy head was peering.

"Hello!" it called. "Kin ye manage I seen ye down a rope?"

"Sure," Warren yelled back.

An instant later he heard a roar of a lariat which whistled down through space. Warren caught it, made it fast about his head, and then, clinging to it with both hands, ordered the man above to hoist away. A few moments later he crawled up over the wedge and rushed away to the engine house.

"The engine, which weighed a couple of tons or more, was drawn by hand, and when the man had obeyed the captain's commands, we seized hold of it and dragged it down the street as fast as we could through the drifting snow."

"The captain took the lead, and we

blindly followed him, while he shouted words of encouragement. I think we must have dragged that infernal old machine about three-quarters of a mile, though it seemed much longer than that. Finally when we did stop and I got the snow out of my eyes I found, much to my surprise, that we were back at the engine house."

"Good!" cried the captain as he looked at his watch. "For the first practice run that is hard belief I will say you out again before long, and we will see if we cannot lower the record."

"I handed in my resignation right then and there and went back to my warm bed."—Detroit Free Press.

More Puzzled Than Before.

"Pardon my ignorance," said the passenger to the captain of the big ship, "but how do you manage to find your way across the trackless ocean?"

"By means of the compass, madam," answered the captain. "The needle invariably points to the north."

"But," queried the l. p., "suppose you wish to go south?"

"South," cried the man eagerly, starting up.

"South," she murmured, touching his finger to his lips. "He has not been here. Evidently he has skipped the country. Father has told me all about it—the honorable way in which you acted and Henderson's treachery. You have indeed behaved splendidly."

"Sheel!" cried the man eagerly, starting up.

"Sheel," she demanded hoarsely, "has he been skipping here?"

"Sheel," he stammered, touching his finger to his lips. "He has not been here. Evidently he has skipped the country. Father has told me all about it—the honorable way in which you acted and Henderson's treachery. You have indeed behaved splendidly."

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